

The background of the entire page is a high-contrast, black and white graphic. It consists of a dense, repeating pattern of stylized, flame-like or leaf-like shapes. These shapes are elongated and pointed at the top, with a central vein-like structure, and they radiate outwards from the center, creating a sense of movement and depth. The overall effect is reminiscent of a zebra print or a stylized fire pattern.

**ALTER  
EGO  
69**



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## Including the Best of

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The Cover

Ray Sokoloski '69

Faculty Advisor

Mr. Frederick Oakes

A Publication of the Students  
of  
Turners Falls High School

## The Store

The door creaks  
and your nose is flooded  
with smells of  
grapes  
& candy  
& bacon  
& bread.  
On the floor  
are boxes and baskets  
of bananas  
& potatoes  
& onions  
& grapefruit.  
On the wall hangs  
a large calendar  
& town notices  
& local advertisements  
& a lost mitten.  
You are greeted with  
a "hi"  
& a lot of funning  
& bones for your dog  
& a sincere "come again!"  
But people grow old  
& new owners come  
& paint  
& neon lights.  
And many things leave-  
the smells  
& the cheeriness  
& the creaking door  
& the feeling of belonging.

-Winifred Bliss '69





## The Lost Generation

The cool drops of the shower trickling down her smooth body quickly reduced the young girl's body temperature back to normal. On such a hot, humid day the cool water was more refreshing than a cool sheet on a hot night. While wasting her time in the shower she went over, in her mind, many of the items she had just been arguing about with her mother.

"Why is she so old fashioned?" she thought.

"Why doesn't she let me do what other girls do?"

Susan couldn't understand why everything had to be so proper to her mother, after all, she was almost seventeen and old enough to decide for herself on what was wrong.

As soon as Susan stepped out of the bathroom she heard her mother yelling at her as if she had never stopped when Susan went in.

"And another thing, you never seem to do any studying anymore. Your grades are going to be so low," her mother added.

"But why should I care?" Susan thought to herself, "grades aren't the most important things in the world. I'm in school to get an education, which I get, and all I hear are grades, grades, grades. Why is there such an emphasis on grades?"

Going into her bedroom she could hear her mother babbling on about something but wasn't quite sure what it was, and when she came out she could still hear her talking.

"If only she would shut her mouth for a minute," Susan thought, "I've got to get out of here, I need quiet."

As she ran down the stairs, and grabbed the keys to the car off the table and yelled where she was going, which came out all mumbled; she slammed the door.

In the richly estate on top of the hill in the next town, the mind of a young man, about seventeen years old, was churning away wildly at all the thoughts of the day in which he had been involved. The frigid water of the swimming pool seemed to dissolve any connection of the day with the burning weather, but it couldn't melt the irritation of the heated argument with his



mother about his life and society.

Going through the door which led to the house, Brad was shocked by the extreme difference in the humidity made by the air conditioner.

"Why do I have all these things? I can easily do without them."

Brad thought to himself as he passed through the great foyer in which he had seen so many social parties begin on his way out.

"The way in which they try to get rid of me, as if I didn't even exist. Although they would probably rather that I didn't."

Lazily meandering up the curved staircase, Brad couldn't help but think of all the times he had wished he could get away from this high society life, to get down and mingle with people and even to leave home for good.

"Right now they don't even know where I am or what I'm doing, but worst of all they don't even care." Brad's mind continued, "What I should do is take the car and go away for a few days and see if they start to worry."

Entering the massive bedroom suite, Brad went straight to the closet and pulled out a suitcase. Throwing it on the bed, he immediately started to put his clothes into it, but stopped abruptly.

"I won't have to take anything with me. It will be for just a few days and if they may find that none of my clothes are gone then they may think that something drastic has happened to me. Yea, I'll give them a big scare. They may even think that I've been kidnapped and held for ransom or death.

\* \* \*

"It is a good thing the traffic isn't too heavy because I have too much on my mind to concentrate on driving alone," thought Susan on her ride of silence, "but it sure is slow and heavy in the other direction."

\* \* \*

"This traffic is too much for me. I've got to get to the head of the pack to speed things up," thought Brad as he was quickly being irritated by the same dullness. "One big truck, that is probably the cork in the bottle. If I pass him I should be in clear and on my way."

\*

\*

\*

"Which one is in the worst condition?" asked Father Stewart inquisitively.

"It's no use Father, they were both killed instantly."

"Have the families been notified?"

"Not both sides. The mother of the girl has been told, but we can't find the whereabouts of the boy's parents."

-Bob Gillon '69



-Harold McCormick '69



## Escape

Sharp icy raindrops  
Cut streaks of cold  
Down my trembling back.

I hop a river  
Of puddle water  
To land in a deeper one.

A slithering car  
Sends a muddy shower  
That sprays my numbing legs.

My hair falls  
In lifeless, sopping strands  
Over my shivering shoulders.

I reach for the door  
And turn the slippery knob  
To escape to a world of dryness.

-Jane Petrin '69



-Joanne Osowski '69

Kishke

- Mr. Geht. We have many specials today, Mrs. Kapsi. I noticed beef went down 23¢ this morning when I opened the shop. I think you bought a lot the last time beef went down.
- Mrs. Kapsi. Yes, but don't you remember what happened the last time I ate beef with onions? Instead I'll buy hippopotamus steaks. I think three; three is my favorite number. I can't buy four because four days ago my husband was killed. It would be disrespectful.
- Mr. Geht. You've heard nothing yet. It was five days ago that my sister from New York came to visit. I don't like my sister and so I cannot sell you five hippopotamus steaks.
- Mrs. Kapsi. Is your sister ugly?
- Mr. Geht. She is more ugly than her husband. They have six boys and they aren't ugly because they all have blue eyes.
- Mrs. Kapsi. But I don't like blue eyes, I like brown eyes and so I think they're all ugly. I bet they don't like kishke!
- Mr. Geht. It is true they don't like kishke. Four days ago a very old man tried to make them eat it. They all got sick and one almost died.
- Mrs. Kapsi. Dear! My husband liked kishke so much that he tried to make six boys eat it four days ago. One boy got so sick he almost died, but it was for his own good.
- Mr. Geht. Of what flavor?
- Mrs. Kapsi. Always vanilla. You knew that, you sly fox.
- Mr. Geht. Often it is pineapple on Sunday!
- Mrs. Kapsi. You're too smart for me!
- Mr. Geht. My nephews like chocolate. When they eat it they say "chocolate" just to make sure. Did you know that I had six nephews?
- Mrs. Kapsi. No.
- Mr. Geht. I'll have to tell you tomorrow.
- Mrs. Kapsi. Please, Mr. Geht, stop smoking and pay attention to me. I must hurry home to feed my animals.

Mr. Geht. I have to go to visit my brother-in-law in the jail-house. He killed a man just four days ago.

Mrs. Kapsi. Gee, was it my husband?

Mr. Geht. I don't know. (kisses Mrs. Kapsi) You don't taste like vanilla!!

Mrs. Kapsi. I know, I'm not. I fooled you today. I'm chocolate. Now that you know, I'll take my three hippopotamus steaks before I leave.

Mr. Geht. I'm sorry, I can't allow it.

Mrs. Kapsi. Why?

Mr. Geht. You shouldn't ask why.

Mrs. Kapsi. Por qué.

Mr. Geht. We have none today.

-Keith Rovner '69



-David Kelly '69



## He's Not Home

The golden rays of the powerful mid-morning sun are dimmed by the ever more powerful golden slabs of the skyward pointing mammoth steeple. The yellow City-to-National-Shrine bus pulls up quickly and deposits its load, eager to leave this aura of Byzantine splendor.

"Bus driver, is He in theah?" hopes one not fearing to face the empty glory.

"Sure sonny, sure," blurts the feeling Apollo, anxious to finish his orbit of the sun.

Multitudes of mammoth steps block his way in his search, but they are surmountable. A plateau is reached, a gilded door looms.

"Ah can't go in theah. He's in theah, but ah gotta find Him." Ten thousand candles set in a dark interior give him His celestial setting.

"Shush little boy," whispers a cassocked custodian.

"Do you know Him? My mommy's sick, and she said to pray to God to help me. Ah can't play with the other boys, 'cause ah get so tired, and ah can't keep up or play football or anything; so ah don't got no friends, so ah gotta get some sneakahs, ah'll be the only one with 'em, and boy will ah show them, who can play and have friends. My mommy's got no money for sneakahs, so ah been praying and praying for three weeks, but he ain't helped me and I'm so tired and lonely. So ah came to His house, so He could help me, cause He's so rich and strong. An' ah need Him: oh please!" Long pent up emotions well forth from the emaciated child, setting diamonds in an onyx face.

The custodian disappears, occupied with taking a dowager's offering, but the small desperate boy babbles on.

"Oh the statues, and the lights, and the paintings; and the gold; and the silver; and the crosses; and the colored glass. He just gotta be heah!"

Amidst the brilliance, greater brilliance, a four story high deistic mosaic dominates all.

"Theah He is! Oh theah He is! Lawd, this is Johnnie! Lawd why don't you talk to me? Lawd is you theah? That ain't the Lawd! He ain't heah! Wheah ah your Lawd?"

Lawd is you heah? The Lawd ain't heah! He don't love me! The Lawd don't love me. He ain't heah."

"Shush sonny," hisses a black cassock seperating itself from the gloom." The Lord's everywhere, He loves all His little children and wants them happy. He gave them everything for His children.

"The Lawd ain't heah," screams Johnnie running away from the puerile priest.

He flees past ornate marble lions and opulent sacrificial altars, never stopping, he stumbles down the now not so formidable, granite stairs. The rectangle of sleezy yellow is just pulling up in front of the golden manse.

"Oh, theah's the bus!"

Anxious feet crashed over and through expensive lawn and shrubbery, and finally find safety in the grubby bus. This slab of yellow, unlike those of the cathedral, commands no awe, but merely trundles away. The fantastic gold, silver and green gradually turns to the Coca-Cola signs, blinking lights and gawdy displays of small businesses. This in turn, becomes gray broken concrete, soot blackened street lights and dingy ancient apartments. The yellow, now in its own environment, slows to an easy stop. Some leave, but it speeds up again into a dark sewer reeking jungle, where white man fears to go. Then it stops again, as if caught in some horrible quagmire. Johnnie desparately scrambles down the bus steps onto crumbly concrete. He sprints by a curiously dirty laundry and ducks into a drab apartment house. Four quick flights of bruised stairs and he attains a paint chipped greasy door.

"Ma, I'm home! Ma, Ma wheah ah you?"

A grey head, in sharp contrast with an ebony wrinkled face peeps out of a bedroom.

"God sakes, wheah yoh been? Why's yoh crying?"

"Church, but he wasn't theah, so ah don't got no sneakahs."

"Ah can't buy you sneakahs, the lawd only knows, I works and works..."

"But you got all dot money on the table, and He wan't theah."

"I don't know who yous talkin' bout, but that money's foh church. Now, I'm sick and tired, oh yoh bawling, you go out and plwy wit' dee udder boys.

-tim garrand '69



-Tricia Crosby '70

## Sonnet

If ever love has passed you on its way  
You know the warmth and tender glow within:  
And heeding not to cautions or delay,  
Put forth your best and quickly blind your sins.  
But ere escape the sighs of hopeless joy,  
Seek not your perfumed jewel to sparkle bright  
For enters soon the fear of shadow's poise  
That climbs eternal mounts in search of light.  
Yet under all coarse measures that I take,  
Resolving never more to run and hide,  
My knowingness knows not the words I spake  
And throws me in the fists of rolling tide.  
Ah! Do not ring the bell of life on me--  
For I know only what has come to me.

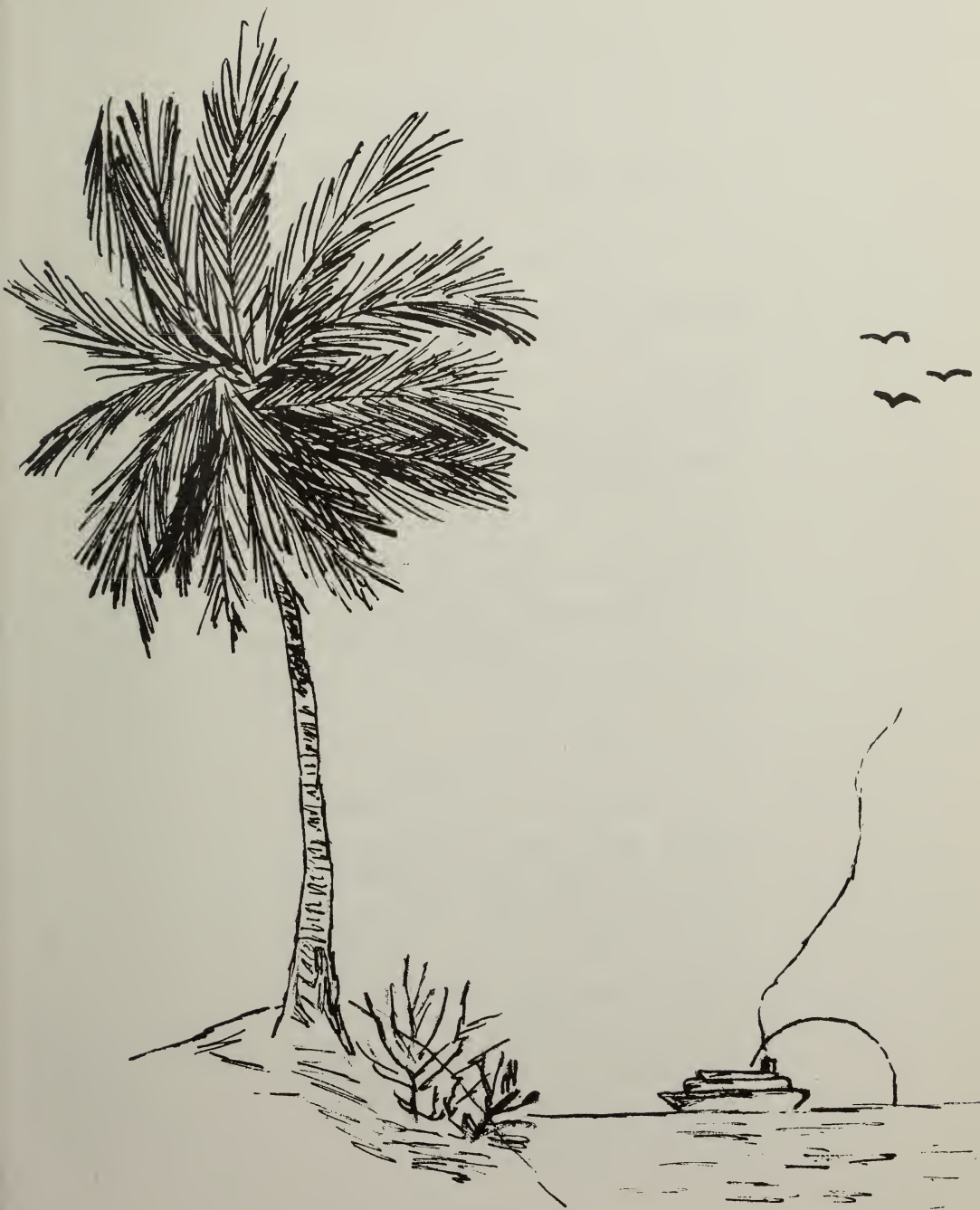
-Mary Letourneau '69

## A Society Of Friends

People drive by and wave,  
Won't they ever stop.  
Are they really motion's slave?  
Am I a rain puddle's sop?

People, don't you know?  
It's not your hand I want to see,  
I've had enough of friendship's show,  
I want someone to walk with me.

-Tim Garrand '69



-Dorothy Lucas '71

Excerpts from  
"A Penny for the Thoughts of Truth"

by S. Yarmac

in hope of America  
and the growth of its people

bound by love  
our bodies and minds live  
soaked by blood of inward wars  
wounds opened again and again  
but still we live with a passion  
questioning, doubting  
our spirits linger in a jolting fast  
we become people, a society  
invisible laws alert the being  
to falsified beliefs  
America, America  
we are your heart  
the pumping blood of humanity  
the sweat and loneliness  
the unanswered cries of despair  
creep up on our spirits  
the unending wars and dead boys  
cause our tears to flow  
but we get up and  
stand erect  
and walk another mile  
America, America  
we are your soul  
the masses of the streets  
shall keep your spirit free  
America, America  
we love thee.

while the eyes gazed

and as the sun beat down  
upon the silent shore  
a gull flew down  
catching up its morsel  
a small man walked  
in the sandy air  
the man walked slowly  
looking for the beauty of tomorrow  
a dog ran,  
jumping up and splashing  
through the cold ocean water.  
the breeze blew the mist  
into the man's face  
and his clothes were  
covered by wetness of the mist  
but the man could not stop  
walking on the shore  
he couldn't stop looking at the sky,  
the man was God.

the voice of the mellow flute  
wanders in the night air  
rising and falling sharply  
piercing the blackness  
awaken o soul  
listen and do not sleep  
for who will know  
when the Lord will come again  
awaken o soul.

in hope of freedom

the bloody stain  
of politics  
anchored our democracy  
to the humaneness  
to the failure  
of man.  
emerging from the polluted air  
a thing called freedom;  
freedom was our brother  
freedom was the cool wind  
freedom is hunger, waste and prejudice  
to be overcome.

and the soul sings in hope

tomorrow, there will be sunshine  
floating through leaves of morning air.  
today there will be happiness  
filtering through the souls of men  
as they discover the sunshine of tomorrow  
in today.

Picture by  
Janet Strysko '69





You Got the Wrong Town  
Mr. IRS Man

The subject's St. Patrick's Day.....it comes once a year. Like money and Absynnian cake frosting, it's green.

Having adequately treated the subject of St. Patrick's Day, let's move right along to another Irish joke, that of the Internal Revenue Agent. The setting, of course, is that friendly little rural town to the north of us, that particular town being the origin of many strange or unusual tales. The IRS man, of course, is, or perhaps was, Irish. Now if that's not unusual for you, try this. We all know that the IRS men are the friendly fellows who enter your town with only a brief case and leave it with enough money to buy the U.S. mint, right? Well, this certain IRS man entered this certain town with his brief case and left not only without his expected haul, but also without his brief case, owing 97¢ and walking barefoot. If that doesn't seem strange, I suggest that you start watching old John Wayne movies or go listen to Congress in session. The young city slicker, fresh from the Civil Service Academy, where he had achieved highest honors and a certificate of commendation in the field of public annoyance, knocked on the door of Jeremiah Penny-clutcheon. Old Jeremiah opened the faded oak door of the farm house which had probably existed longer than George Washington's false teeth, and asked "What can I do for ya, young feller?"

"I," replied the IRS man, speaking through his nose, "represent the New York office of the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department of the United States Government." Jeremiah assessed the young man for a long moment and drawled, "That's a pretty long title for such a short drink o' water."

"I have," said the IRS man, sounding as important as possible, "a series of forms to be completed concerning certain taxable items which you may have failed to mention in your annual report."

"I don't hand out reports to anyone for anything, but you can ask me any questions you want while I'm

doin' my chores," replied the old Yankee as he started toward the barn.

"But sir," protested the young IRS agent, running after the old man. He argued all the way to the barn about the seriousness of the matter and the value of his time as old Jeremiah inserted an occasional "A'yup" at appropriate intervals.

"I must remind you, sir," began the young city fellow in his most proper voice, "that--"

"I'll have to remind you, boy," interrupted old Jeremiah, "to keep your voice down in the barn. Most of these critters don't take to loud noises." At the sight of his first cow, the IRS man fell backwards over a bale of hay, his briefcase and papers flying into the goats' pen. The goats enjoyed the meal.

"My papers!" screamed the IRS man.

"That's okay," drawled old Jeremiah, "they've got strong stomachs, but you owe me fifty seven cents for the pail of milk I lost when you screamed, and forty cents for the bale of hay you ruined." Our young Irish IRS boy layed tracks out of old Jeremiah's barn so fast when the horse breathed on the back of his neck that he never heard the last three words and his shoes were found in the mud at the end of old Jeremiah's driveway. He was seen crossing the town line faster than anyone since the time Lem Stuart's father caught him drinking corn liquor up in the hay loft. To my best recollection there hasn't been another IRS man in town since. There was an Air Force man who landed in Drey Ripley's pasture once, but that's another story for another time. Besides it has absolutely nothing to do with St. Patrick's Day.

-Von Dutch II

Danny's Day

Little Danny died today,  
When off he went to school  
He whistled as he closed the door,  
A whistle stopped the fool

That ran him down.

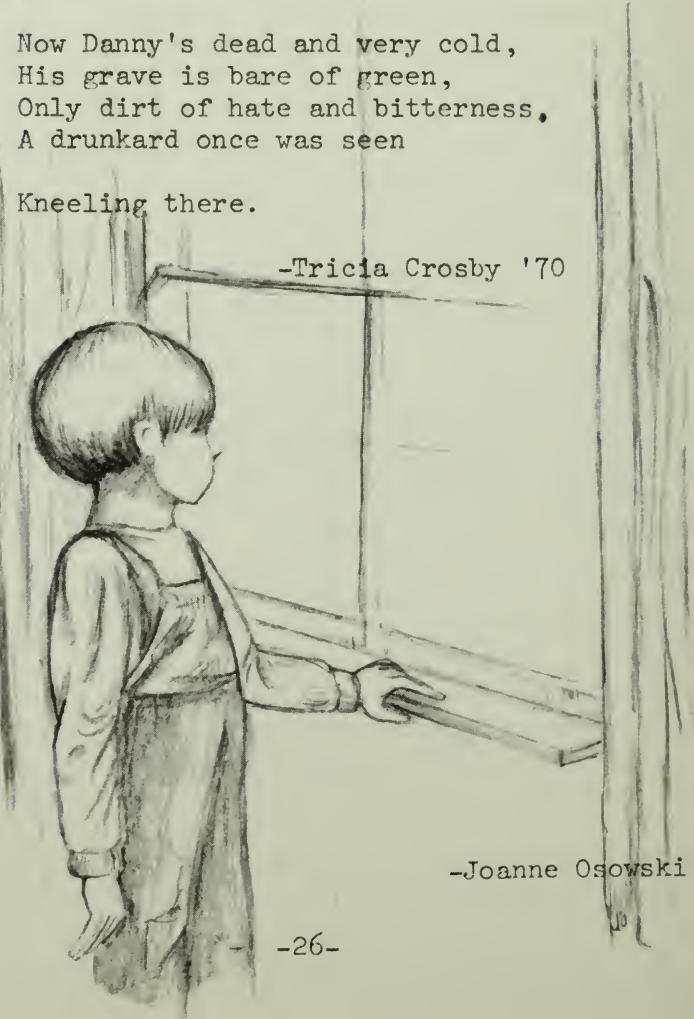
Yes, little Danny died today,  
His teacher's eyes were filled,  
When she brought the news to me,  
An alcoholic killed

My little boy.

Now Danny's dead and very cold,  
His grave is bare of green,  
Only dirt of hate and bitterness,  
A drunkard once was seen

Kneeling there.

-Tricia Crosby '70



-Joanne Osowski '69

A Ballad

Come down to the valley, my love, my love.  
Come down to the valley tonight.  
Come down to the valley, my love, my love.  
And we'll leave before morning's light.

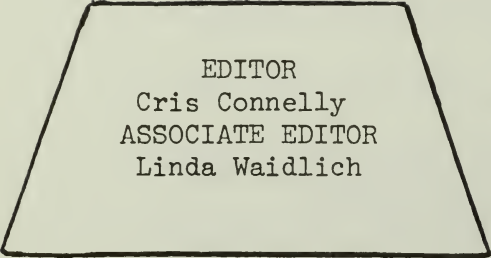
I'd gladly come to you, my love  
I'd gladly come to you.  
I'd gladly come to you, my love  
For you are my lover true.

Then make you haste, my fair maid.  
Make haste and we will ride.  
Then make you haste my fair young maid.  
So you may be my bride.

Yet what of your title and fortune, my love?  
Your title and fortune to be?  
Yet what of your title and fortune my love  
That you must forsake should you marry me?

My title and fortune mean nothing my love,  
They mean nothing at all to me.  
My title and fortune mean nothing, my love.  
So great is my love for thee!

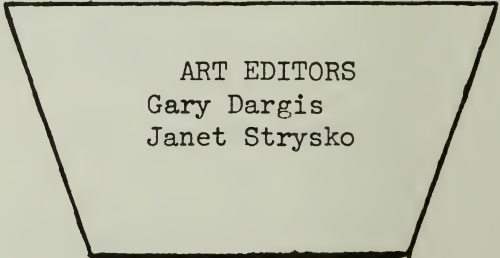
-Linda Waidlich '69



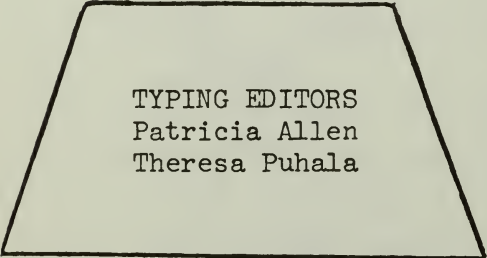
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-Janet Stryako '69

## The Gold Locket

The dampness of the forest could have penetrated the hide of an armadillo. A golden hazy moon hovered over the groping branches as a shaded figure crawled on all fours. He cried in exhaustion for he had never had to experience such a trial.

"Come on kid. Keep going!" barked the man behind him. He was a ruddy type, tall and muscular, with a slightly drawn face. He was also very impatient.

"You heard what I said boy!" As the child looked up with pleading, innocent eyes, his face spattered with mud, the man was sorry for an instant. Tears ran down the boy's cheeks as he whimpered.

"I want to go home. Can't I go home to my mother?" The man picked him up, threw him over his shoulder, and began trodding along.

Presently they arrived at a sort of shack that was practically hidden from sight by trees. It consisted of only one room with a camp stove and a wash-tub which was easily converted into a low table by turning it over. A blanket was strewn about the floor as if the person who so unfortunately lived there had left in a hurry.

Sitting the youth on the floor, the man proceeded to make coffee, which seemed to be the only provision he had stored. When it was ready, the boy reached out for the cup. To his surprise, the man gave him the cup of steaming liquid.

"I only got one cup - I never expected visitors. Little boys shouldn't drink coffee anyways."

"Mama always lets me."

After the lad finished his coffee he complained that he was hungry for he had not eaten for quite a while. The man thought of the sandwich he had in his pocket that he was saving for himself and silently refused to give it up. He announced that there was no food and that it was time for some sleep. He wrapped himself in the blanket and started to doze.

Shivering in the corner, the little boy began to think of his mother. She didn't know that he was here. He was only eight years old, very small for his age and being an only child he was used to being catered to, He



did not understand why this strange man had taken him from the county sand pile where he so often played alone. He thought perhaps this man was the great pirate who he and his mother read about at bedtime and he and the man were going to discover a chest of Spanish gold. He dared not ask for fear that the man would make him walk home by himself. He knew his home must be far away, for it had taken all afternoon and most of the night to get to the pirate's hideout. Now, he became frightened that the man would not bring him home at all. He was sick of this game and could wait no longer to find the gold. He wanted his mother to come and take him home and then read him a story. He cried himself to sleep.

A few hours later, the man woke and sat staring at the boy. He certainly had grown and was a brave one. "Looks like his mother, though," he thought. The man remembered when the child was an infant; he was afraid to pick him up for fear of dropping him. He never cried during the night like most babies. Suddenly, the man took his blanket off and wrapped the boy in it and rocked him in his arms.

Waking up, the boy requested a bedtime story.

The man thought hard and began to tell the best story that he knew.

"Once upon a time there was a young man....."

"A pirate?" the boy asked joyously.

"No, not a pirate at all-- don't interrupt. Well, there was this young man who worked very hard as a clerk and was honest and kind. One day he met a fine lady and they fell in love and after a long time had passed, they got married in a beautiful church with an organ and the lady who had a white gown looked so pretty."

"Like my mama?"

"Yes, like your mama, I suppose. Well, they got married and lived in a brand new little house with a real stove and a big fireplace and they even had a porch. They were very happy for a long time and they were even happier when God gave them a baby."

"I had a dog once."

"Once? What happened to him?"

"Oh, he got poisoned."

The man looked sad for a matter of seconds and proceeded to tell the story.

"Well, a little while after the baby came, he was the most beautiful baby the young man had ever seen mind you, something happened to the young man. He was working late at night in his office in order to buy his baby a new carriage, when all of a sudden he heard a shot. He ran outside to see what was happening when a man shot at him. It was very dark and the other man missed. The two men started to fight and the clerk saw that the gun had dropped on the ground and he rolled the man over so that he could reach the gun and when he finally reached it, the other man was choking the clerk to death. The clerk hit the man over and over again with the gun to knock him out. The clerk was such a strong man. He didn't mean to kill the man--but he did."

"Are you sure this isn't a pirate story?" said the boy impatiently.

"It's far from being a pirate story. Do you want to hear the rest or not?"

"Yes, if he finds some gold."

"Don't be silly. In the end, the clerk killed the man, only it was an accident. But since no one understood and there were no witnesses, the man was sent to prison for the rest of his life."

As he yawned, the boy, only half-interested, asked why the man didn't escape.

The man answered gravely, "He did."

It seemed as though the telling of that story had exhausted the man a great deal, although he seemed very relieved and satisfied with himself.

When the boy woke the next morning, a breakfast was on the wash-tub. It consisted of a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He was so hungry but was afraid to eat the food in case it was the man's breakfast. The door opened and the man walked in and smiled at the boy.

"That food is for you."

The boy literally dove at it and the man laughed

aloud. He knew how much boys ate and wished he had another sandwich to give the hungry boy.

After the boy ate, the man lifted him up to his shoulders, which delighted the boy because his mother never let him climb in high places.

"Where're we going?"

"You'll see."

They travelled through the same woods that brought them to the shack. The boy, still riding on the man's shoulders, began to like this man very much. They travelled for a long time and as they gushed in the muddy swamp they talked of many things, about dogs, and horses, and taking baths, and sand castles, and blueberries. They even discovered that they both had the name of William, and neither liked it very much.

They rested frequently and after seemingly endless hours, they arrived at the end of the forest with a clearing ahead of them. In the clearing stood the county sand pile, with the boy's house in the distance.

"Can I go home now?"

"You had better. Your mother must be worried about you."

The boy reluctantly let go of his companion's hand, turned and started to walk slowly.

The man, on a sudden impulse, shouted, "Wait!" As the boy ran back smiling, the man said, "I want to give you a present." He handed down a small gold locket with engraving on it.

The boy, ashamed of his tears, turned and ran as fast as he could. When he was nearly home, he stopped running and realized that the locket had pictures in it. He loved pictures. He opened the locket. There were two pictures. One was the face of a small baby. The other was the face of his mother. He turned and gazed into the forest for the man.

He was gone.

-Cheryl Boulanger '69

## The Death

Chalk dust dancing, diving, drowning  
    in a sea of dusky dust,  
Sunlight flickering, flowering, flowing  
    through a world of motionless must.

Ancient voices whispering, whistling,  
    in halls of wistfull wisdom,  
Memories crying, cursing, creasing  
    the brow of a neglected kingdom.

Once a palace,  
Now a cavern,  
A skeletal frame  
Of styrofoam---

Weak and fallible,  
Worn and tired,  
It sways and sighs  
And stands alone.

And still...

People shouting, scorning, storming,  
    With minds smothered in ignorancy,  
Hanging on to history and tradition,  
    Out of sheer stupidity.

And complacent people survey their victory,  
(Pleased with the "good" judgement they have shown)  
And the cavern makes one last plea before dying,

And the building falls alone.

-Tricia Crosby '70

## Animals

man and his mate  
occasioned for two  
who went to the zoo  
animals  
in  
a  
cage,  
monkies  
zebras and  
ar t.  
kang oos too. u  
the giraffe stuck his neck o  
and the water melon  
rind was slurped up in  
utter despair  
by the gorilla and the bear  
up up  
and and  
down  
they went  
on the  
new red  
see-saw...  
plaster-paris cr ing  
u bl  
m  
pen stored with animal crackers  
that the humans eat  
what a treat  
hall  
owed be  
these bars  
animals free, form an animal union  
and let your squawks be  
(+) joined  
by squ-ee-ks of the mice,  
elephants'  
the orange  
in tent  
together, for-ever  
animals fate  
does not include kill  
animals

-Sue Yarmac '69

Haiku

You say people care,  
You say people love all men,  
Where is a people?

--Jane Golonka '69

Thunder hears nothing.  
The bell it overpowers.  
I will ring the bell.

--Keith Rovner '69

Winds echo the death chant.  
A child is lost to the deep.  
Speak of happiness...

--Kathy Baird '69

There is a sad time  
When the softness of sorrow  
Lingers in the dark.

--Janet Strysko '69

A cry in the night  
A call of desperation  
A barren table.

--Gail Terlikoski '69

Ink spots on the wall  
Like worm holes in ears of corn  
Are out of order.

--Cris Connelly '69

The flag was blowing.  
People prayed in the old church.  
A child cries in pain.

--Sue Yarmac '69

Haiku

The clarion calls.  
All gather around, hurry.  
Who doesn't is burnt.  
--Tim Garrand '69

Cold raindrops slither  
Down the grimy window pane;  
The wetness never dries.  
--Barb Peskor '69

The walls surround you.  
Your mind vibrates in itself.  
How can you know me?  
--Janet Stryzko '69

Time runs beside me,  
It runs in an awkward way,  
But I must keep up.  
--Keith Rovner '69

Glistening prisms  
Suspended in the cool air  
Creating spectrums.  
--Sue Ashley '69

Sing a happy song,  
Tell everybody in the world;  
I have a new friend.  
--Jane Golonka '69

Ah, laugh at my tie.  
I'll laugh at your shoes, old man.  
We'll laugh for the world.  
--Cris Connelly '69

## Hi-Ho Falcon Away!

A cloud of dust a-rising on high  
From my living room window I now spy.

From off and away there comes a roar  
Ever loudening toward my door.

A squeal of tires reaches my ear  
Telling me he's drawing near.

A rending crash, a gravelly grate  
Tells me he's at my gate.

I know from the silence that follows heavy  
That in parking his Ford he creamed my Chevy.

He solves my problem, leaves in a flash  
While I brace myself for the following crash.

As he starts his car, he pauses to say  
"Good-bye and good luck, Hi-Ho Falcon away!"

Strange though is fiction, this fact is stranger  
Another case solved by the modern Lone Ranger.

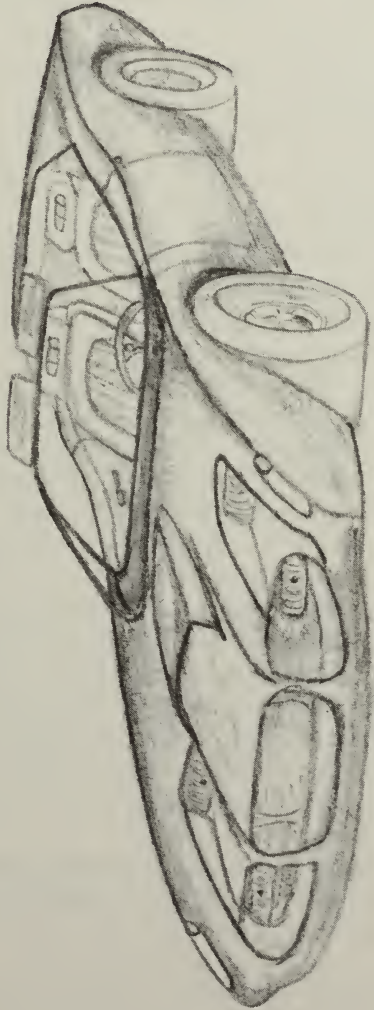
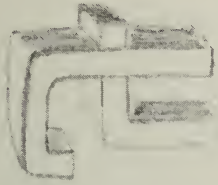
-Hugh Sears '69

## Coldness

With emptiness that fills the air,  
like an omen from the sky;  
A cold hard wall is before me now,  
like a room that is bare,  
a man without heart stands there  
symbolizing all that is unfair.

-Mary Kuzontkoski '70





-Tim Janos '69

## The Cold and The Wet

Setting: Small living room with several stuffed chairs, end table with a lamp and knitting, table with radio (big funny old one), rug on floor and a cat. Doors lead off both sides of the stage, closet to left, window in the middle of the back wall. Young girl, old lady are the main characters.

### Scene I

Girl: (by window) It's just impossible--How can you even think that I want to knit today? How can you tell me? Have you looked out the window?

Lady: (Shakes head no)

Girl: Well it's beautiful out and so cold. The sky is blue, and the sun's shining and I can see the snow sparkling all over. Why I can even see the pond from here. It's frozen over and there are kids all over it.

Lady: (takes pencil and paper out of an apron pocket, writes. Hands girl piece of paper)

Girl: You've got to be kidding? I have to help you read the newspaper? You can see as well as I can.

Lady: (Shakes head yes)

Girl: I don't know why you won't talk to me. It's been a week now. Pretty soon you're not going to remember how to talk. That would be funny, (laughs silently)

Lady: (nods, taking knitting off table)

Girl: You know I want to go skating. I've been talking about it ever since it got cold, (she opens closet door and takes down skates.)

Lady: (writes another note)

Girl: My skates do not need sharpening. Are you just trying to make excuses? You're jealous because you can't skate any more.

Lady: (sighs, calls softly to cat)

Girl: I wish you'd talk to me, I really do. Don't you get tired of writing? (sits on floor polishing skate blades with her shirt tail)

Lady: (writes another note)

Girl: I don't care if I get a sore throat...I'm leaving after I eat. (exits to kitchen)

Lady: (turns on radio, sits down and sighs, puts head in hands)

Radio: The time is 12:30, August 25<sup>th</sup>. The weather is hot and muggy with the chance of occasional showers.

Lady: (gets up, turns off radio, leaves the room and goes into the kitchen. Screams are heard and the girl runs back into the room)

Girl: (sprawling on the floor) You can't tell me, I know it's winter....it's winter, it's winter...not summer. I know, I know! Do you think I'm stupid? Look out the window...there's snow, mounds of it.(Meanwhile the sounds of pots and pans rattling comes from the kitchen. The girl sits up, listens and crawls toward the closet. She opens the door and takes down a jacket and mittens...she picks up her skates from the floor and sneaks out the opposite door.)

## Scene II

Setting: A small kitchen. A door is to the right, As the scene opens, the clock on the wall strikes one o'clock. The lady is sitting at the table. A knock is heard on the door and a policeman enters. The lady faints. While the policeman revives her, two girls enter who have obviously been swimming.

First Girl: That's just like it happened, really.

Second Girl: Yeah, and we saw her...someone...sitting on the bank.

First Girl: She had a jacket on....and she was doing something with her feet, putting something on.

Second Girl: Then she started to get up...she just stood there, then she started to walk out into the water.

First Girl: Sort of sliding like..like when you skate.

Second Girl: Then she went under in the deep part....

First Girl: We ran all the way down the hill and dragged her out.

Second Girl: She was heavy with that jacket and skates on and all.

First Girl: I tried to make her breathe...but she just lay there...after a while she didn't try...

Second Girl: ....I never saw anyone die before...

Lady: She thought it was winter....she wanted to go skating so much...I couldn't explain...I tried to tell her how it was...But....(puts head in arms and sighs)

-Winifred Bliss '69

The Final Answer?

The dark old man, huddled in his  
dark old coat,  
silently walked down the  
deserted gravel path.  
He had no friends.

The gay young woman, sparkling in her  
bright new clothes,  
Swung high with the  
beautiful people.  
She had no one.

The self-righteous clergyman, decked  
out with the Word,  
shunned the people as too common.  
No one needed him.

The middle-class Joe, proud of  
his Zenith color television,  
Drank his martinis very dry.  
The world noticed him not.

Love is as pure  
as hate.  
One loved can easily be hated.

-Ray Kuczek '69

I Am Shamed

Behold my spirit,  
vast and doomed  
to dwell in but  
a single room.

The room is filled  
with the sameness  
of the past  
remaining nameless.

All that enters  
is not let out  
is not escapeable  
by any route.

Past thoughts  
are quickly traced  
and recognized  
by my disgrace.

Because of  
yet unlike you  
I live only  
to continue.

-Nancy Jamrog '70

## Words

(Barren stage except for small, round wooden table and two straight wooden chairs at opposite ends of the table. Girl enters from right, carrying a newspaper in one hand, and a pencil in the other. She goes directly to the nearest chair and seats herself erectly, then places the newspaper in front of her. Flipping several pages abstractly, she finally finds the right page. After folding the paper, she sighs and begins to read. Tilting her head to one side and resting her chin in the palm of her hand, she scribbles something on the paper, lifts the pencil to her mouth, and pauses, deep in thought. Second girl enters from far left and sits down in the other chair. The first girl raises her head to see who has entered and then resumes her writing.)

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl (As if finishing an interrupted conversation) But he never called again.

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: I never liked him, anyway; he always acted kind a (pause) ya know, funny.

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl: But, she was really crazy about him.

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: Sure, just like she was crazy about Bill and Gary and Dave.

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl: But this time was different, this time she was really serious.

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: Ya, sure. (She glances down at the paper and then looks up puzzled.)

(2<sup>nd</sup> Girl gets up from her seat and walks to the window sill, she gazes absently outside. Turning, she sighs and walks dejectedly back to her seat.)

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl: (with an expression of disbelief and confusion) But.....don't you think she really...

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: What's a nine letter word for deep affection?

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl: .....she really feels something for him?

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: Nine letters. Love, passion, friendship? No, that's ten.

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl: Didn't you hear me?

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: Nine letters.

(2<sup>nd</sup> Girl sighs, shakes her head, and walks over to the window again. Suddenly she turns and shouts "Adoration!")

1st Girl: What?

2nd Girl: Adoration.

1st Girl: (counting on her fingers) A-d-o-r-a-t-i-o-n. That's it!

(1st Girl writes the word on the paper and begins to read.)

2nd Girl: (sitting down) Did you hear about Julie's accident?

1st Girl: She's the one who got hit by a car, isn't she?

2nd Girl: Yah, she's been in the hospital for almost two months now. I guess she won't be out for quite a while yet. I feel so sorry for the poor kid!

1st Girl: (abstract, as if hardly listening) Yah, that's too bad.

2nd Girl: Maybe we could get her.....

1st Girl: What's a six letter word for unhappiness?

2nd Girl: ....get her a stuffed animal or something to make her feel.....

1st Girl: 6 letters, dejection? No.

2nd Girl: Don't you want to get her something?

1st Girl: 6 letters, sadness? -No, there's an "m" at the beginning.

2nd Girl: (Looking frustrated, stares at the table. After a minute or two she speaks) Misery.

1st Girl: Huh? Oh, misery. Ya, it fits. (She hurriedly scribbles the word.)

2nd Girl: (After a pause) Do you think they'll let Benjy back in school soon?

1st Girl: (raises her head in a blank look) Benjy?

2nd Girl: Benjy Summers? The one who got suspended for cutting a couple classes. You know him, he's in our English class.

1st Girl: Oh, ya. That's right, he has been suspended for a while. They'll let him back pretty soon, I suppose. (She goes back to her paper.)

2nd Girl: It's kind of rotten. From what I hear they didn't even see if he had an excuse for skipping class. I feel sort of sorry for him, don't you?

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: I need a three-letter word for indifference.

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl: Don't you feel sorry for him?

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: Three letters.....

(2<sup>nd</sup> Girl gets up from her chair and looks frustratedly at the 1<sup>st</sup> Girl.)

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: Indifference. What's a three-letter word for indifference?

2<sup>nd</sup> Girl: (Glaring at her for a minute, then shouts) You!!! (She stomps out of the room.)

1<sup>st</sup> Girl: (Looks up from her paper as if puzzled) I wonder what's wrong with her? (She shrugs her shoulders and looks back down at her paper.)

-Jane Petrin '69  
-Barb Peskor '69



-Cindy Noga '71



## Tragedies Past, Repeated

Our companies are all tuned up for war.  
Their poison gas is best, and really great.  
Their gains are high and so the word is- more.  
A thing like death cannot be left to fate.

The government selects our boys at will.  
It takes their youth and shoves them through  
the door.  
They teach the boys the best of ways to kill.  
And if they die? Well there are always more.

The war is here and death is all around.  
The children scream and women moan in fear.  
The dead are all heaped up into a mound.

I wish to see the Lord come to this land;  
That I might drop this gun that's in my hand.

-Ray Kuczek '69

## The Gull

Drifting....softly....on the wind of an  
angel's whisper....Alone!  
Playing gently with a breeze:  
Rising....  
and  
falling....  
With each heavenly breath of God's given  
grace; majesty upon wings.  
As supreme master of God's domain,  
He soars....endlessly....over oceans of  
air;  
Untouched by the realities of life;  
Yet glimpses of his determined destiny  
Still lie shadowed before him,  
As he wings his way homeward:  
Leaving with us only brief, bitter  
tastes of hope....

-Gary Dargis '69

## Dominion of Demagogues

It was night. The luminant stars flickered in the darkness. The waning moon traversed the horizon. Its light shone through the trees upon the house and reached its destiny in a pair of shining eyes.

Nodnyl sat on the window sill, surveying the sharply etched world. It was April. This was the month that unlocked the outside world. His catlike eyes pierced the internal darkness of the house. He jumped from the window to the heavily carpeted floor, waited in seclusion and pounced at the shoestrings of the night guard as he walked by. He had done this often.

The guard, at first startled, sent the jubilant cat into the wall. He then picked up the equally startled cat and netted him, perhaps too hard. He brought the aging cat to the door and opened it.

Once outside, Nodnyl surveyed the landscape. It was as he remembered it. The trees were clustered there beneath the moon. It was his domain. Every year for the past five years he had been its king. He reminisced briefly on the days when he had first made the conquest.

Five years ago he had come here, a dignified looking, pure white cat at the prime of his life. Now he was fat and listless. Before he had ascended to this position, he had merely been the counterpart of a very prominent gray and white striped cat. Through him Nodnyl had met several of the most noted cats in town. And Ydennek, that was his name, got run over by a truck. And since Nodnyl had been his best friend, he subsequently became his heir. Meanwhile, his people had moved to a grand new house which only served to enhance Nodnyl's domain.

He immediately tried to win important friends. First, he felt that the alley cats would like him better if he helped them out. So, he promised them all the food they wanted. He also promised that he could get back the 5<sup>th</sup> street alley without an all out war with the cats from the north side of town. Nodnyl also proclaimed a policy whereby all cats would be equal. The black and white cats would be equal to the gray and white ones. Also the pure black cats would be equal to the pure white ones.

Nodnyl would often go home and store up all his food for his friends. They received it gleefully, but constantly clamored for more. Poor Nodnyl would go home and beg the maids for more food. Each time the maids grew more suspicious as to where the food was going.

His next problem arose when the cats from the 5th street alley enlisted the aid of the cats from the 4th street alley and his cats became increasingly discouraged. Some cats even questioned the worth of 5th street and others refused to fight there.

Meanwhile his program of appeasing the black cats by giving them more food and attention wasn't working. The more he gave, the more they wanted. There was just no way out. On top of all these problems was his newest one of rampant inflation. Cat food was up 39%, catnip increased 51%, and worst of all, balls of yarn were difficult, if not impossible to come by, being used for the 5th street ruckus.

Once again he surveyed the menacing forest before him. This time he could not bear its sight. What had once been a kingdom was now a prison. And he was its prisoner, shackled forever by the all too vivid memories of his compatriots.

Nodnyl turned and hastily tread his way back to the house, back to where it all began. He scratched viciously at the shuttered window where his master was working. After a short interval of waiting, Nodnyl heard a weathered voice methodically chant, "Ladybird, let the cat in."

-Jerry Fournier '69

antiques

a tired chair, a hanging lamp,  
a big blue jug,  
three braided rugs,  
a Model-T,  
the light of love,  
the day of truth,  
the hope of sun and sight,  
politeness dies,  
"do i hear a bid?"  
"do i hear one dollar? -one dollar!"

all good antiques are sold,  
the new owners cherish their possessions.

"who will buy love, truth, courtesy, warmth,  
and the ability to see?"  
i mean see, really see--to see it like it  
really is?

"do i hear a bid?  
one dollar?  
no bids?  
if i can't sell these things i'll have to  
throw them out--  
no bids? o.k. fifty cents? no? o.k.  
take 'em out and destroy 'em charlie!"

a pewter cup, a marble table,  
a big red jug.....

-Neal Shea '69



-Joanne Osowski '69

Boredom

The floor  
was full of squares,  
nine by nine,  
black and tan.  
A giant chessboard,  
diagonals for bishops,  
rows for castles.

A child,  
a miniature,  
a bored knight.

Square by square,  
each tiny foot  
placed carefully in each square.

Rows, rectangles,  
Dark diagonals, light diagonals.  
The child stumbles-  
over a crack.

-Winifred Bliss '69



-Joanne Osowski '69

